

**WARREN
MAGAZINE**



CREEPY

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JUNE 1980

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DEMONS!
DEVILS!
AND MAGIC!**

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MINIONS
RISE FROM
HELL!**





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CREEPY

JUNE 1980

NUMBER 118

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CREEPY No. 118 PUBLISHED
MONTHLY BY CREEPY PAPER, A NICHOLSON
CLARK, WARREN PUBLISHING CO.
EDITORIAL: 1400 8TH AVENUE
SUITE 100 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014 TEL:
(212) 683-0000

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$5 PER YEAR FOR
\$75.00 IN THE U.S., CANADA AND
ELSEWHERE \$85.00

SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT
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NEW YORK: PLEASE ALLOW 4-6
WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF
FIRST ISSUE



DEAR UNCLE CREEPY 4

Vociferous reactions have been flooding in over Terrance Lindall's incredible painting for the cover of CREEPY #116! Our fans let us know what's what when they sound off on page 4!



NURSERY SCHOOL 6

Peter... Mother wants you to be happy and content. Mother wants you to play your games with your friends, and Mother wants you to kill anyone who isn't one of Mother's friends!



EPITAPH 20

They were in love; madly completely and epically in love! But somehow the seed of doubt was sown and it blossomed into a torment of jealousy and death which he would pay for in hell!



BINDERWOOD'S 27

The Binderwood curse is nearing its culmination. Mrs. Binderwood has been in a coma for months and is suddenly and mysteriously pregnant. This will be no ordinary birth... it will be death!



MOMMA'S BOY 35

She was growing old fast and she didn't know why. She knew her mother-in-law hated her, there was something strange about old Doc Jessup and she didn't like the tea's taste!



ELIMINATION 48

Out of the horde of souls in hell you have just three questions to figure out who your mother and father are! It is more than a process of elimination... your life is at stake!

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Dear Uncle Creepy



CREEPY #116 started off with a pointless and rather disgusting cover by Terrance Lindall. Fortunately the issue's contents were somewhat superior to this rather ominous portent.

"Endangered Species" was both strongly appealing and enjoyable. The theme of man's careless annihilation of other species was relevant and timely.

I'm surprised that the stories "Graduation Day" and "The Greatest Editor Alive" were printed in the same issue. They had similar themes with human beings being deceived by illusions perpetrated by aliens.

"Day of the Locust" by Masanebo Sato and Jordan Black was another one of those stories that are nicely illustrated and smoothly written. But like so many stream-of-consciousness tales, it seemed to have little point to it.

Finally, I thought that "The Highway" was an acceptable story, although a little heavy-handed and preachy at times. But the theme, with mankind allowing his own inventions to dominate him, although not unique, was entertaining.

T.M. MAPLE
Toronto, Canada

I've just started reading CREEPY and have discovered that it is a very good magazine. The cover by Terrance Lindall on issue #116 was incredible. And the publication's art as a whole was fabulous. All of the stories, too, were excellent, but "Day of the Locust" was my particular favorite.

JAMES GILLROY
Hackensack, N.J.

For years I have been waiting for it! I've been patient up until now, but I've just about reached the breaking point. I can't remain silent any longer!

What is this fantastic thing I've been waiting for? A good old fashioned bone-chilling CREEPY story illustrated by the fantastic Richard Corben.

When Warren and Corben first got together he illustrated mostly horror stories. But he hasn't drawn one in years. Nobody can do horror the way Corben can. Won't you please get him back!

RICHARD MATCHAM
Indio, Cal.

We'd love to, Richard. But Corben is so busy with other commitments that it's doubtful he'll be able to draw any new comic stories for quite some time.

Terrance Lindall's cover on CREEPY #116 was the creepiest cover ever printed in all one hundred and sixteen issues of CREEPY! How disgusting! How wonderful! It was a first class piece of art with masterful style and technique, with depth and breadth of vision.

JOHN ELLINGER
Fort Worth, Tex.

CREEPY #115 was a typical Warren magazine with some good stories and some bad stories. It started out with a truly excellent but uncredited cover that looked like an Enrich oil painting.

"Gabriel's Horn" was an okay story, but Leo Duranona's art looked a little rushed. Is he getting burnt out?

I thought that the "Last Labor of Hercules" script by Budd Lewis was bad, but the art was even worse. Is A2-120 a computer? He might as well have been because that was the kind of unemotional art it was. No more of this pap please!

"Cyranu" by your new artist Mike Saenz, suffered from a totally ridiculous script by Bob Toomey. It is amazing how many Corben imitators there are in the world today. None of them good.

The next two stories were the highlights of the issue. "Rapid Fire Angel," by Gerry Boudreau and Abel Lazamana, had fine art and a story reminiscent of the good old days at CREEPY. "Et Tu Brutus," by Nicola Cudi, Val Mayerik and Rudy Nebres, was another whimsically amusing story with a good twist ending.

"War Children," by Gerry Boudreau and Val Mayerik, was so god awful it deserves no further comment!

So there you have it! Two good stories, two bad stories and two half okay stories.

One more thing, I assume that this is the holiday issue of CREEPY, and if it is, it is a big disappointment! I can remember when the holiday issues were something to look forward to. Now it is just another mediocre issue of CREEPY.

ALAN NORDMARK
Dalton, Pa.

Dear Uncle Creepy
CO
Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

The Cover of CREEPY #115 by Enrich really caught my eye on the newsstand.

The stories within the issue were also quite decent. In "Gabriel's Horn," I found the usually detestable artwork of Leo Duranona balanced by a superb script from Roger McKenzie. It was such a good story of vengeance that it gave me the chills!

"Last Labor of Hercules" looked and sounded a lot like something from Star Wars. No offense intended, because whoever A2-120 is, he did a phenomenal job on the art. Don't ever let him go!

"Cyranu" by Bob Toomey and Mike Saenz was an all right story but it would have been beautiful in color! Saenz is a talented artist.

"Rapid Fire Angel" was weird, but not nearly as weird as "Et Tu Brutus!" A grant pag? Now don't get me wrong, I liked the story, but it was almost as crazy as the giant turtle tale in CREEPY #110.

MICHAEL WISE
Boonton, N.J.

As a long-time reader of CREEPY magazine, I feel it's time to voice my opinion. The quality of CREEPY has been declining rapidly. This has been happening since issue #17, but it has been most apparent since issue #100.

No longer does CREEPY employ the finest artists. Certainly the quality of writing has improved, but the stories themselves have declined. Outside of an occasional story by Archie Goodwin and Bruce Jones the stories aren't even worth reading.

The aspect that is the most troublesome, however, continues to be the artwork, which has shown the most steadily visible decline. No longer is every issue filled with the work of "The World's Greatest Comic Artists." Now there is one good illustrator in every issue or possible two in an occasional special issue. The artists that Warren now employs are the same ones who worked for competitors only a year or so ago. And we don't see those magazines around anymore, do we?

CREEPY has even fallen to the point where every third issue is a reprint. And I thought that reprinting went out with issue #30. Going back to press with old materials is just another way to rake in more money and cheat old and loyal readers.

In the light of all this it seems hard to justify the ever-increasing price of CREEPY magazine.

JAMES LEGAIE
North Hollywood, Cal.

NURSERY SCHOOL



GOOD MORNING, CHILDREN,
GOOD MORNING...IT'S ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL DAY IN THE CITY.
THE SKY IS CLEAR AND...
ZZZZZ...IT'S ANOTHER...
ZZZZZ...GOOD MORNING,
CHILDREN GOOD MORNING
IT'S ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL...
ZZZZZZ!



THIS MESSAGE IS BEING
BROUGHT TO YOU BY...ZZZZ
ZZZ...ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL...
ZZZZ...PLEASE STAND BY,
WE ARE EXPERIENCING...
ZZZZ...ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL
ZZZZZZ!



MOMMY SPEAKING,
BLESS YOU, MY
CHILDREN DADDY IS
FEELING OUT OF SORTS,
BUT DON'T YOU WORRY,
MOMMY WILL TAKE
CARE OF YOU...EVERY-
THING'S JUST FINE,
MOMMY LOVES YOU.



TODAY'S TARGET...ZZZZZ
RIVAL SECTOR...ZZZZZ
KILL QUOTA...ZZZZZ...
PRIMARY OBJECTIVES...
ZZZZZZZ!



HUSH, DADDY.
MOMMY WILL EXPLAIN.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
SOME FUN TODAY.

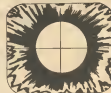
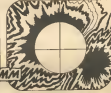
ALL MY
LITTLE BOYS AND
GIRLS SHOULD CHECK
THEIR MONITOR SCREENS
AND LINE UP THEIR SIGHTS
ON THE BAD GUYS.



OH... TERRIFIC!
NOW ARM YOUR
WEAPONS ARE THEY
ARMED? SWELL! BUT
DON'T FIRE NOT YET.
WAIT FOR DADDY.



NOW...ZZZZZ...KILL KILL
KILL...ZZZZZ...KILL...!
ZZZZZ...DO IT...ZZZZZ...
NOW...ZZZZZ...KILL KILL
KILL...ZZZZZ!





WASNT THAT FUN?
AND MOMMY'S SO PROUD
OF YOU WE SURE SHOWED
THOSE NASTY BAD GUYS.
WE'RE THE BEST.

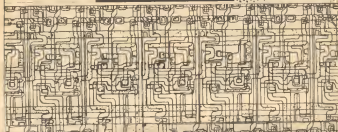
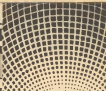
NOW I WANT
YOU ALL TO PAY
CAREFUL
ATTENTION
TO DADDY.

GOOD MORNING... ZZZZZ... ITS ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL... ZZZZ... PLEASE STAND
BY... ZZZZZ... ITS ANOTHER... ZZZZZ...
TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES... ZZZZZZZ

THANKS, DADDY.
WELL, KIDS... I GUESS
YOU'RE ALL PRETTY
TUCKERED OUT. SO
MOMMY WANTS YOU ALL
TO GO BACK TO THE NURSERY
AND TAKE A NAP.

WE HAVE WON... ZZZZ
WE HAVE... ZZZZZ NOW
A GREAT... ZZZZZ... WE
HAVE WON A... ZZZZ!

YOUR MOMMY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE
YOUR DADDY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE
YOUR MOMMY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE
YOUR DADDY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE



IT'S TIME
FOR **MORE** FUN
REV YOUR ENGINES
AND **AWAY** WE
GO



LOOK AT
THAT. CAN YOU
ALL **SEE** IT ON YOUR
MONITOR SCREENS?
THE BAD GUYS
ARE **BACK!**



GET READY
ARE YOU **READY**,
BOYS AND GIRLS?
MOMMY LOVES
YOU.



LOOK AT THAT!
LITTLE LINDA JUST ZAPPED
A BAD GUY! LET'S HEAR
IT FOR LINDA!

ZZAP

ZZZET

WHOOOPS...!
THERE GOES LINDA!
SHE ZAPPED WHEN
SHE SHOULD HAVE
ZAPPED! GOODBYE,
LINDA. MOMMY
LOVES YOU.

LINDA'S MISTAKE
SHOULD BE A
LESSON TO EVERY-
ONE. SHE WAS OVER-
CONFIDENT! DID EVERY-
ONE SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO
LINDA? HERE IT IS AGAIN ON
INSTANT REPLAY, THAT
WAS LINDA. SHE WENT
BOOM! DON'T LET THAT
HAPPEN TO YOU.

WABLAMMM

KABOOM

BLAM

OK, KIDS.
MOMMY WANTS
YOU ALL TO KILL!
RIGHT, KIDS? KILL
THE BAD GUYS. BLOW
THEM AWAY BOYS
AND GIRLS.

ZZZET

DO IT FOR
MOMMY. WE'RE
THE BEST. MOMMY
LOVES YOU. KILL
THE BAD GUYS.



HEY, FEAN
YOU HEAR ME
IN THERE? I'M ON
THE **ROOF**. SLOW
DOWN A MINUTE.
CHRIST! DON'T SPEED
UP LIKE THAT.

YOU **BLASTED** MY CAR
NICE SHOOTING.
FORTUNATELY I MANAGED
TO **EJECT**, IT REALLY
SHOOK ME UP



I'M FROM
SECTOR FIVE.
MY NAME'S JENNY.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

SO AWAY YOU'RE A **BAD**
GUY. **SECTOR FIVE** IS
NASTY. MOMMY SAYS
SO



MOMMY'S FULL
OF CRAP. HEY...!
SLOW DOWN! I
WOULDN'T HURT YOU!
LOOK... MOMMY
DOESN'T EXIST SHE'S
A **MACHINE!**

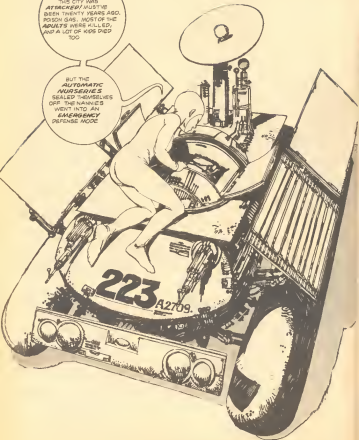
YOUR MOMMY AND
DADDY ARE **BOTH**
MACHINES. I SWEAR
TO GOD IT'S THE
TRUTH!



THEY WERE
PROGRAMMED AS
RUSEMADE MECHANICAL
MACHINES. THEN SOMETHING
HAPPENED - A **SYSTEMS**
FAILURE! DO YOU
UNDERSTAND WHAT
I'M SAYING?

THIS CITY WAS
ATTACKED! MUST'VE
BEEN TWENTY YEARS AGO.
POISON GAS. MOST OF THE
ADULTS WERE KILLED,
AND A LOT OF KIDS DIED
TOO.

BUT THE
**AUTOMATIC
NURSERIES**
SEALED THEMSELVES
OFF. THE NANNIES
WENT INTO AN
**EMERGENCY
DEFENSE MODE.**

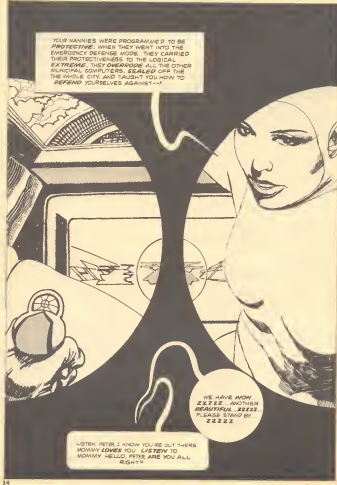




THIS IS MONKEY
CALLING PETER, IS
SOMETHING WRONG?
WHY DON'T YOU
ANSWER ME?

THERE'S NO ONE
LIVING IN THIS CITY
NOW, EXCEPT FOR YOU
BABIES WHO SURVIVED
THE GAS ATTACK... ONLY
YOU'RE NOT BABIES
ANMORE!

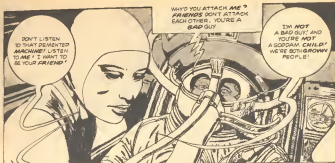
OPEN THE
HATCH LET ME
IN, AND WE'LL
FIGHT. COME ON,
LET ME IN.
THAT'S THE
WAY.



YOUR NANNIES WERE PROGRAMMED TO BE PROTECTIVE. WHEN THEY WENT INTO THE EMERGENCY DEFENSE MODE, THEY CARRIED THEIR PROTECTIVENESS TO THE LOGICAL EXTREME. THEY OVERRAN ALL THE OTHER MUNICIPAL COMPUTERS, SEALED OFF THE THE WHOLE CITY, AND TAUGHT YOU HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELVES AGAINST---

WE HAVE NOW
EEEE... ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL... EEEE...
PLEASE STAND BY...
EEEE...

LISTEN, PETER, I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE
MOMMY LOVES YOU LISTEN TO
MOMMY HELLO, PETER ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT



DON'T LISTEN
TO THAT PENSIVETED
MACHINE! LISTEN
TO ME! I WANT TO
BE YOUR FRIEND!

WHY'D YOU ATTACK ME?
FRIENDS DON'T ATTACK
EACH OTHER, YOU'RE A
BAD GUY!

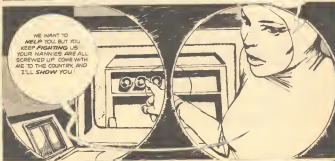
I'M NOT
A BAD GUY! AND
YOU'RE NOT
A GOODAH, CHILD!
WE'RE BOTH GROWNY
PEOPLE!



LOOK, PETER,
THE POISON GAS
WIPPED OUT THE
CITIES--ALL OF
THEM! EVERYONE
LIVES IN THE
COUNTRY NOW!

THE COUNTRY?
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND WHAT
COUNTRY? THE
UNITED STATES?
HOWAY TOLD ME
ABOUT...

FORGET
HOWAY! THE COUNTRY
IS A PLACE WHERE
THERE'S TREES
AND GRASS AND
FLOWERS. IT'S
FANTASTIC!



WE WANT TO
HELP YOU, BUT YOU
KEEP FIGHTING US.
YOUR NANNIES ARE ALL
SCREWED UP. COME WITH
ME TO THE COUNTRY, AND
I'LL SHOW YOU!



OH SURE, IT'S LIKE DOGS AND CATS AND STUFF.
I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF THEM. THEY'RE ALL GONE
NOW. GOD TOOK THEM UP TO HEAVEN. RIGHT,
JENNY?



SEE JENNY ... I'M
SCARED. I DON'T
LIKE IT HERE.
WHY'RE ALL THOSE
FUNNY PEOPLE?

THEY'RE YOUR
FRIENDS. YOU
SHOULDN'T BE
AFRAID OF THEM
THEY WANT TO
HELP YOU.

NO...
I WANT
MOMMY,
MOMMY
LOVES
ME

TAKE IT
EASY! DON'T
GET
EXCITED!

YOU'RE
ALL BAD
GUYS, AND I
HATE
YOU!

RAT-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA

OH MY
GOD! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
STOP IT! OH
CHRIST, YOU'RE
KILLING
THEM!





YOU KILLED
MY PARENTS AND
FRIENDS. GO ON--
GO HOME! GO
BACK TO YOUR MOMMY
AND DADDY. YOU
DESERVE EACH
OTHER!



PLEASE,
PETER JANSSEN
MR., SAY YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT.
MOMMY LOVES
YOU



AND THE
SKY IS--ZZZZZ--
CLEAR AND--ZZZZ
--ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL--
ZZZZZZ



end

MY MARRIAGE TO ELSBETH HAD SEEMED JOVIAL
AT FIRST... FILLED WITH THE PALE PINK BLUSH OF
ROSE PETALS AND THE SOFT SWEET SCENT OF
LAVENDER. ELSBETH'S SMILE WAS THE SUN THAT
LIT MY MORNINGS... HER EYES WERE THE STARS
WHICH LIT MY NIGHTS.

WE WERE HAPPIER THAN TWO
YOUNG PEOPLE HAD ANY RIGHT
TO BE... AND HE REVEALED IN IT.



I WILL NEVER KNOW
WHAT POSSESSED
ME TO KILL HER!

EPITAPH

NO, THAT ISN'T TRUE. IT WAS MY JEALOUSY THAT POSSESSED ME... MY
BLIND, UNREASONING JEALOUSY! I KNEW I WAS NOT THE FIRST MAN
TO TASTE ELSBETH'S RAVES, HER GENTLE CARRESSES, HER BLIVEN
SOFTNESS...

...AND I FEARED I WOULD NEITHER BE THE LAST!



ELSBETH HAD TAKEN TO STAYING OUT
LATE IN THE EVENINGS...IT WAS
CHURCH HOUR. SHE TOLD ME... BUT
I HAD A BETTER!

WHEN SHE RETURNED HOME THAT NIGHT
I WAS WAITING FOR HER...AND I PRE-
PARED HER A MOST SPECIAL CUP OF TEA.



THE POTENT POISON IN THE BREW DID ITS WORK WELL.
ELSBETH TOOK QUICKLY TO BED... AND NEVER LIVED TO LEAVE IT.

FOR THE SAKE OF
APPEARANCES,
I SURFACED
POCKETS, KNOW-
ING FULL WELL
THERE WAS NOth-
ING THEY COULD
DO!



AND WHEN THE
END AT LAST
CAME, I SMILED
AT ELSBETH
SMUGLY, KNOWING
SHE WAS PAYING
THE PRICE OF HER
UNBELIEF.

BUT ELSBETH
NEVER TOUCHED
MY CHEEK TENDER-
LY, AND WITH
HER LAST BREATH
WHISPERED, "I
LOVE YOU."

I RECOILED FROM HER TOUCH AS IF
SLAPPED! IT WAS A LIE! I MUST BE
A LIE! I WAS MERELY HER HUSBAND,
NOT HER LOVER....!

NO, I HAD TRASHY
RELATIONS WITH
LOVER... HOWEVER!



AS SOON AS THE
DOCTOR WHO CAME
TO SIGN THE DEATH
CERTIFICATE HAD
COMPLETED HIS
BUSINESS, I
ORDERED HIM
FROM MY HOME!
HIS PRESENCE
HAD GREATLY
PERTURBED ME!

BUT IT WAS
THE VISIT OF
A KINDLY OLD
PRIEST WHO
COMPLETELY
UNNERVED
ME!



"ELSBETH IS NO
LONGER YOUNG
TO PRETEND,"
HE TOLD ME,
HOPING TO EASE
MY GRIEF. THE
DEAD TAKE CARE
OF THEIR OWN!"

PREPARING FOR THE FUNERAL WAS BY FAR THE AMARGEST PART
OF IT ALL... SITTING ALONE IN THAT BIG, HOLLOW HOUSE, THE
POUNING OF THE NAILS BEING HAMMERED INTO HER COFFIN
RESEMBLING LIKE THE POUNDING OF MY ANGUISHED HEART!

SWEET GOD, I HAD LOVED ELSBETH SO! WHY HAD SHE NOT
LOVED ME?



BUT I WAS WRONG-- DEAR GOD, SO WRONG!
ELSBETH HAD LOVED ME! AT THE FUNERAL, I
STOOD WATCHING, WAITING FOR HER GRIEF--
STRICKEN EYES TO PRESENT HIMSELF-- NO
I COULD PLAINLY MY TRIUMPH IN HIS FACE!

BUT NO LOVER
EVER CAME-- ONLY
A HANDFUL OF GRIEVOUS
FUL WOMEN, WHO
HAD WORKED WITH
ELSBETH FOR THE
CHILDREN!



AND I KNEW THEN, GOD HELP ME, I HAD
MURDERED AN INNOCENT. AND, MY SOUL
SCREAMING, I FLED FROM THE SCENE OF
MY CRIME!

BLIND, SALT TEARS
STINGING MY EYES, I RAN,
SEEKING SHELTER... I
DID NOT DESERVE... AND
SOMEHOW FOUND MYSELF
BACK AT MY HOUSE!

BACK AT THAT WAST, COLD,
EMPTY EDIFICE WHICH
ONCE HAD BEEN A HOME!



I COULD HAVE MADE NO GREATER
MISTAKE, FOR I FOUND NO
SOLACE THERE, ONLY BITTER
HAUNTING REMINDERS!

WHEREVER I TURNED, ECHOES
OF ELIZBETH RESOUNDED
AROUND ME...

...THE SCENT OF HER PER-
FUME, THE CURL OF HER
HAIR, THE SWEEP OF HER
BROCADED SATIN SKIRT
AS SHE CAME BELLOWING
DOWN THE STAIR ON A
WARM SATURDAY NIGHT

ELIZBETH... DEAR, SWEET,
INNOCENT ELIZBETH...



THE GILT-FRAMED
MIRROR IN THE PARLOR
WOULD HOLD HER
SHINING IMAGE FOREVER
NOW...

HER BLUE EYES WIDE
AND LONGING, HER LIPS
SO MOIST AND MYRTLE!

OUT! I HAD TO GET OUT OF
THERE... OR GO HOPELESSLY
MAD!

SNATCHING UP MY HAT AND CANE, I RUSHED FROM
THAT DARK, OPPRESSIVE HOUSE OF HORRORS OUT
INTO THE STREETS... WHERE MY AIMLESS WANDERING
BOUGHT ME AT LAST TO THE EDGE OF TOWN... AND
THE LONELY CEMETERY JUST BEYOND...



...THE CEMETERY WHERE MY
LOVELY, LOST ELIZBETH NOW LAY
IN ETERNAL PEACE!

MY SHUFFLING FEET FOUND THEIR WAY TO ELSEBETH'S SHAMERE OF THEIR OWN ACCID... AND I AMBLY THERE, MY TREMBLING FINGERS ABSENTLY TRACING THE INSCRIPTION ON ELSEBETH'S WEARDSTONE.



AND I COWERED THEN, AND I DESISTED HER TO FORGIVE ME...



...BUT THE CHILL, WINDY HOWLING WAS MY ONLY REPLY!

FOR A TIME, I SIMPLY STOOD THERE, UNCERTAIN OF WHAT WENT TO DO, WHERE NEXT TO GO.



MY DECISION MADE, I HAD MYSELF COMFORTABLY IN THE FOLD OF A GREAT, QUARLED TREE...



I COULD NOT LEAVE HERE... NOT UNTIL ELSEBETH AND FORGIVEN ME!



...AND THERE SLEPT A BITTER SLEEP 'TILL DAWN FAST NIGHTFALL!



CLINGING DOWN FROM MY AWKWARD PERCH, I MADE MY WAY BACK THROUGH THE TWISTING MAZE OF CRACKED AND WINDWORN TOMBSTONES... TOWARDS ELSEBETH'S WHITE GRAVE!

ALL ABOUT ME, THE CEMETERY
SEEMED TO **POOF** MY UNSPOKEN
QUESTIONS. THE COOL, **SHARP**
CURLING TONGUE THE HADYONES
BEGAN TO **LAUNCH** AT ME ACCO-
RDS. THE DEV GRASS **SHUTTING**
SOFTLY WHISPERED MY NAME.

SWEET GOD IN HEAVEN,
HOW COULD I HAVE DONE
SUCH A THING?

IF ONLY ELISBETH WOULD TAKE
PITY ON ME... BEFORE I LOST
MY MIND!

SWEET GOD IN HEAVEN,
HOW COULD I HAVE DONE
SUCH A THING?

IF ONLY ELISBETH WOULD TAKE
PITY ON ME... BEFORE I LOST
MY MIND!

I SAT STOP THAT COLOR
BLIND TOMS FOR GOD
KNOWS HOW LONG
MUGGING MY ARMS
ACROSS MY CHEST IN
HOPES OF STOPPING
MY UNCONTROLLABLE
TREMORING, BUT I
NEEDED SLEEPERS
ALL THE MORE /

IT MUST HAVE BEEN
NOT LONG AFTER
MIDNIGHT WHEN I
FIRST HEARD THE
SOUND /

I SAT STOP THAT COLOR
BLIND TOMBS FOR GOD
KNOWS HOW LONG
MUGGING MY ARMS
ACROSS MY CHEST IN
HOPES OF STOPPING
MY UNCONTROLLABLE
TREMORING, BUT I
NEEDED SPOONERS
ALL THE MORE /

IT MUST HAVE BEEN
NOT LONG AFTER
MIDNIGHT WHEN I
FIRST HEARD THE
SOUND /

I COOKED MY HEAD IN GORROSHITE
AND HEARD IT AGAIN...

THE UNMISTAKABLE GROWING
OF STONE (SCRAPING RELUCTANTLY
AGAINST STONE?)



AND I STOOD IN MUTE AWE
AS THE LID OF THE CRYPT
RANDE HE WAS RUDELY PUSHED
ASIDE...

...AND TWO TAUNTED, DECAYING
WARRIORS WERE THROWN UP IN
TO THE LIGHT!



THEN, SLOWLY WITH AN APOLOGETICNESS (COLORED
BY UNTOLD YEARS OF ANIMOSITY), THE ROTTING
CORPSE WITHIN THE CRYPT ROSE TO MEET THE
MORTAL!

AND MY HEART GREW
COLD WITHIN MY CHEST!



FOR A MOMENT, THE
GARGOYLES SWAYED
UNEASILY ON ITS FEET,
THEN ITS HOLLOW EYES
LOCKED ON MINE ...



...AND IT OWLED A
MOST UNHOLY GAZE!

STILL GROWING OBSCENELY, THE CADAVRE REVELED
BEFORE ITS OWN TOMBSTONE...AND, SNATCHING
UP A NEARBY ROCK, PROCEEDED TO ENGRAVE
ITS LONG-FORGOTTEN NAME...



...UNTIL THE FACE OF THE MARKER
WAS SMOOTH ONCE MORE!

ONCE MORE, THE GARGOYLES GAVE
AT ME AS I STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT,
UNABLE TO MOVE, ALL BUT UNABLE TO
BREATHE!



THEN, DELIBERATELY, MOST PRE-
CISELY, IT BEGAN TO INSCRIBE A NEW
NAME...THE SOUND OF BLANCHING
SOME DRIVING AGAINST BREATHE
TURNING MY SPINE TO ICE!

WHEN I SAW WHAT
THE CORPSE HAD
BECOME, I WAS
CONSUMED BY AN
OVERWHELMING
PANIC...

...FEAR WHICH
GREW FAR
GREATER STILL
WHEN I DIS-
COVERED THE
CEMETERY'S
OTHER OCCUPANTS
HAD ALSO RISEN
FROM THEIR
GRAVES...

...AND WERE NOW
ABSORBED WITH
AMAZING THEIR
TATTERED
BUTTAINS!



WHEN THEIR DIRTY WORK WAS DONE, THEY ALL TURNED
LANGUIDLY TO ME, AN UNMILT ADVISER MIMICRED IN
THEIR EYES...

...AND THEN, GRIMACING OBSCENELY, STARTED TOWARDS ME!



WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF
DESPERATION, I CAST THE
CORPSES ASIDE AND FLED
THEIR HELLISH COMPANY!

ONLY MY PRECIOUS
ELSBETH COULD HELP
ME NOW!



WHEN I REACHED HER GRAVE, ELSEBETH WAS
WAITING FOR ME. HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED
TO ENFOLD ME...BUT WITH NO WORD
OF FOREWARNINGS ON HER TACHED AND
FLAKING LIPS!

THE NAME ON HER HEADSTONE WAS
CRUELLY SCRATCHED OUT...AND AN
OTHER SCRAWLED BENEATH IT!



HOWLING LIKE A
CREATURE CONDEMNED
TO HELL, I THREW
MYSELF UPON THE
OVERTURNED CART
AT THE FOOT OF
ELSEBETH'S GRAVE...

...AND IT WAS THERE
THAT THEY FOUND ME
THE FOLLOWING MORN-
ING. MY HAIR STARK
WHITE, MY EYES WIDE
AND STARING...HOPE-
LESSLY, IRREVOCABLY
MINE!

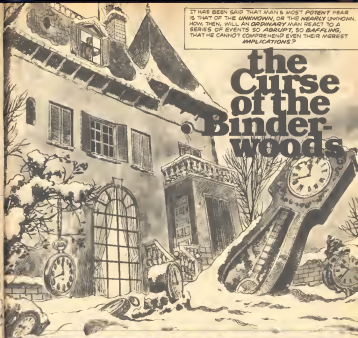
"THE DEAD TAKE CARE
OF THEIR OWN." THE
KINDLY OLD PRIEST HAD
TOLD ME. AND I KNEW
NOW IT WAS TRUE!
FOR THE NAME NOW
INSCRIBED UPON EVERY
WAITING GRAVE IN
THAT GRAY CEMETERY...



...SWEET GOD...THAT
NAME WAS **NEW!**

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT MAN'S MOST POTENT FEAR IS THAT OF THE UNKNOWN, OR THE NEARLY UNKNOWN. NOW, THEN, WILL AN ORDINARY MAN REACT TO A SERIES OF EVENTS SO ABRUPT, SO BAFFLING, THAT HE CANNOT COMPREHEND EVEN THEIR FAREST IMPLICATIONS?

the Curse of the Binder- woods





THUS HIS NEXT ACTIONS.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? CHARLES, COME BACK!

CHARLES!



...BAFFLED MR. BADERWOOD ENTIRELY!

I DEMAND THAT YOU STOP IMMEDIATELY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



MELISSA'S ROOM. WHY BRING ME HERE?

MY SISTER'S BEEN ASLEEP FOR YEARS! SHE HASN'T AWAKENED HAS SHE?



IN SPITE OF MELISSA BADERWOOD'S SOMNOLENCE, SHE HAD CHANGED REMARKABLY SINCE THE LAST TIME MR. BINDERWOOD HAD LOOKED IN ON HER. SHE WAS...

PREGNANT!

BUT NOW, CHARLES? WE'VE HAD NO VISITORS SINCE HER INCAPACITATION!



CHARLES, I... IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN YOU, I KNOW.



BUT THEN WHO? AND NOW?



MUST TRY TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!





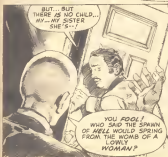
AND WITH THIS DECISION MADE, CHADWICK FELT PERFECTLY OBLIGED TO BREAK LOOSE!



THE UNDERWOOD BEWILDERMENT...







HA HA HA HA HA!
YOM. MR. BINDERWOOD...
WILL GIVE BIRTH TO THE
DEVIL CHILD!

NOOOOOO!



end

Junior Was A Momma's Boy

IDA-LEE STARED STERELY AT THE LABORED FORM OF DOC JESSUP AS THE OLD MAN THRUST AT THE WARMING COALS. HE COUGHED RHEUMATICALLY AND SHUFFLED BACK TO THE TABLE AND HIS SEAT BESIDE IDA-LEE. HE STARED INTO HIS CUP AND UNEASY MEMORIES FLARED BEFORE HIM.



THE BITTER HOT TEA RAN DOWN HIS GRATEFUL THROAT, SPREADING ITS **WARMTH** THROUGH HIS STOMACH, ACROSS HIS ENTIRE BEING. THE ROOM **FOCUSSED** SHARPLY, THE MEMORIES **AGED** AGAIN, FLEETING TO HIDDEN **RECESSES** OF HIS MIND. HIS FRAIL FRAME HEAVED A DEEP **SIGH** OF RELIEF... THE **FIRST** SUCH SIGH IN WEEKS.



OUTSIDE IN THE DOWNPOUR, THE THUNDER RUMBLER IN **AGREEMENT**.

WITH A HAND THAT **AMAZED** HIM WITH ITS STEADINESS, DOC JESSUP REACHED ACROSS THE TABLE AND GENTLY SQUEEZED IDA-LEE'S ARM. HE **SMILED** IN THE FADING LIGHT, REVEALING YELLOW, CIGAR-STAINED TEETH. HE FELT **GOOD**. HE'D DONE THE **RIGHT** THING.





LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY... ONE YEAR EARLIER.

IDA-LEE!
IDA-LEE!

COME YONDER A
SPELL AND MEET
AN OLD FRIEND!



IDA, LAMB, THIS HERE'S MR.
STUART REGINGTON III! ALL
THE WAY FROM GEORGIA, MR.
REGINGTON HAS COME TO
LOOK OVER OUR FINE STOCK
OF KENTUCKY THOROUGH-
BREDS.

I'VE
CRAFTILY
ARRANGED
TO MAKE HIS
INSPECTION
MORE...

HEH-HEH!
INTERESTING
BY ALLOWING
YOU TO
ACCOMPANY
HIM.



I DECLARE, MR. REGINGTON...
WE'VE BEEN OVER HALF THE
STOCK AND YOU HAVEN'T MADE
SO MUCH AS A COMMENT...!
DON'T YOU LIKE MY FATHER'S
FILLIES?

INDEED...
ONE
FILLY IN
PARTICULAR.



I'M NOT A MAN TO MINCE
WORDS, MISS IDA... I THOUGHT
I HAD EVERYTHING IN LIFE I
WANTED UNTIL I SAW YOU
RIDE UP A FEW
MINUTES AGO.

WHY, MR.
REGINGTON!



I WANT YOU,
DARLING... I MEAN
TO MARRY YOU!

STUART!
I-I-M-M-A!



WELL NOW...
FIND ANYTHING
THAT CAUGHT YOUR
EYE, STUART?

DADDY, I BELIEVE
MR. REGINGTON HAS
AN OFFER TO
MARRY ME.







I KNOW YOU CAN'T SPEAK TO ME, MRS. REGINGTON... OR THAT EVEN IF YOU *COULD* D YOU MIGHT NOT TELL ME THE TRUTH! BUT THE FACT IS, I SOMEHOW FEEL YOU'RE FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO *LIKE* OR *UNDERSTAND* ME.

PLEASE FORGIVE ME IF I'M WRONG... BUT I HAD TO SAY IT.

I... I FEEL LIKE... ALMOST LIKE... AN *INTRUDER* IN YOUR HOME.



I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I *LOVE* STUART MORE THAN *ANYTHING* IN THIS WORLD! THAT, IF NECESSARY, I'D *DIE* FOR HIM. HE'S MY WHOLE *LIFE*, MRS. REGINGTON... BUT I'M NOT TRYING TO *TAKE* HIM FROM YOU... *MONOPOLIZE* ALL HIS TIME.

CAN YOU *UNDERSTAND* THAT, MRS. REGINGTON?

MRS. REGINGTON?



OH MY GOD



STUART! STUART! OH, MY GOD!



HELLO, DOC... THANK YOU FOR COMING.

I'M ONLY SORRY IT HAD TO HAPPEN SO SOON... MOTHER REGINGTON WAS ONLY JUST GETTING TO KNOW YOU.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *GOING* THROUGH, DARLING... IF YOU WANT TO *TALK* ABOUT IT OR *CRY* OR JUST *BE ALONE*, I'LL UNDERSTAND

TALK? BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO SAY.

THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER WOMAN LIKE MOTHER.





LOOK AT ME...
I'M FALLING APART
FROM LACK OF
SLEEP! MAYBE I
SHOULD GO BACK
TO KENTUCKY
FOR A VISIT...
ALONE.

MY
GOD!
IS THAT A
GRAY
HAIR?



THREE A DAY
UNTIL THEY'RE
GONE... AND
THERE'S MORE
IF YOU RUN OUT.
THEY'RE ADAM-
LESS... PRACTICALLY
ALL VITAMIN...
BUT THEY'LL
MAKE YOU SLEEP
AND PUT SOME
COLOR BACK IN
YOUR CHEEKS.

NOW,
QUIT
YER
FRETtin';
YOU
HEARD?

THANKS
SO MUCH, DOC.



I'M TURNING IN
EARLY, DARLING... TIRED...
SO TIRED TODAY. MAYBE
I'M COMING DOWN WITH
SOMETHING...



POOR DARLING.
YOU KNOW, THE
WAY YOU WALKED
ACROSS THE ROOM
JUST NOW, IT
REMINDED ME OF
THE WAY MOTHER
USED TO WALK...
YEARS AGO.

IT'S
PROBABLY
MY
GRAYING
HAIR.
HONESTLY
NO ONE
IN MY
FAMILY
WAS PRE-
MATURELY
GRAY.



ON YOU! IT
LOOKS LOVELY.



IS IT ME YOU'RE
KISSING, MY DARLING...
OR HER?



HA-HA... MOST
PECULIAR. YOU DO
APPEAR TO BE AGING
ABNORMALLY FAST.

I TOLD YOU!
I TOLD YOU! MY
SORY! WHAT AM
I GOING TO DO?



NOW, I SAID 'APPEARS'
THAT DON'T MEAN YOU'RE
NOT A PERFECTLY HEALTHY
28 YEAR OLD WOMAN
INSIDE! IN FACT, ALL
YOUR TESTS INDICATE
THAT YOU ARE!

BUT MY
SKIN! LOOK
AT ME! I'M
WITHERING!
I LOOK FIFTY!



IDA... I WANT YOU
TO FACE THE VERY REAL
POSSIBILITY THAT THIS MIGHT
BE PSYCHOSOMATICALLY IN-
DUCED... THAT UNCONSCIOUSLY
YOU MIGHT BE COMPETING
WITH JUNIOR'S DEAD MOTHER.

NOW, DON'T
LOOK SO
AGHAST...
YOU SAID
YOURSELF
THAT HE
APPEARS TO
LIKE THE
GRAYING
HAIR, THE
CROWS
FEET...

BUT I WOULDN'T... I
COULDN'T DO A THING
LIKE THAT! IT... IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

ISN'T
IT?



PUT ME DOWN YOU
SILLY IDIOT! WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE,
CHETT BUTLER?

CAN I HELP IF
IF YOU'RE THE
MOST DELICIOUSLY
DESIRABLE
WOMAN IN ALL
OF GEORGIA?



BUT I'M NOT... I'M NOT
DESIRABLE ANYMORE! I'M
OLD... OLD AND WRINKLED!
AND HE WANTS IT!
LOVES IT! / SOOB/SOOB!



BUT HONEY LAMB!
I COME ALL THE WAY
DOWN HERE ON BUSINESS
AND YOU WON'T EVEN
LET YER POOR OL'
DADDY DROP IN FOR
A MINUTE AND SAY
HOW-DO?



I'M SORRY... I'VE
GOT THIS REALLY
AWFUL FLU, AND
IT'S JUST SO
FEARFULLY
CATCHING.



ANYHOW, I'VE BEEN
PLANNING A TRIP
BACK HOME REAL
SOON NOW.



WHY BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT, I'LL BE
REARND UP THE
FRONT PORCH STEPS
JUST AS FRESH AS
A SPRING COLT!



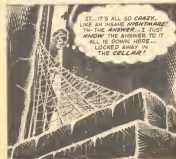
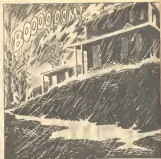
IT'S YOU!
YOU'VE DONE THIS
TO ME YOU EVIL
GORGING OLD WITCH!
YOU MATED ME THE DAY
I MOVED IN AND
NOW YOU'RE HAVING
YOUR REVENGE!
NOW YOU
S CHOKES!
-> CROAK! ->



MY GOD!
MY VOICE!
I... I'VE
LOST MY
VOICE! I
CAN'T SPEAK
CAN'T COMM-
UNICATE! I'M TRAPPED
IN THIS HOUSE!

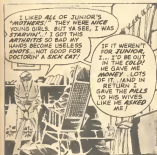


I'M SORRY
MA'AM, BUT DR.
JESSUP IS ON
VACATION. CAN
I BE OF
ASSISTANCE?









end

prologue



A-MOTHER!
WHAT DOES
THIS ~~MEAN~~
DAD... HE'S
NOT EVEN
IN HERE!

LISTEN, GILES.
TRY TO UNDERSTAND.
YOUR FATHER WAS A
BRILLIANT MAN, A SCHOLAR,
A ~~SORCERER~~, A SPECIALIST
IN MANIPULATING
~~DEMONS~~.

BUT DEMONS
ARE ~~TRICKY~~ AND
HARD TO CONTROL. ONE
SLIP AND THEY HAVE
YOU. I'VE ~~BREADED~~
THIS MOMENT
FOR YEARS.

GILES,
YOUR FATHER
IS ~~GONE~~
FOREVER.

Process of Elimination

Author: BOB TOOMEY / Illustrators: VAL MAYERIK and PABLO MARCOS











I ORDER YOU
TO CARRY ME
DIRECTLY INTO
THE PRESENCE
OF SATAN
HIMSELF!

CERTAINLY... HE'S
EXPECTING YOU.



GOOD DAY GILES SUTHERLAND.
HOW MAY I BE OF SERVICE
TO YOU?

I WANT MY FATHER
AND MOTHER BACK.



EASILY DONE. BUT FIRST...
A CONTEST! WIN AND YOU
WIN BACK YOUR PARENTS.
LOSE, AND YOU LOSE
YOUR SOUL!

THINK IT OVER!
TAKE YOUR TIME!
I CAN WAIT.



WHAT'S THE
CONTEST?

OBSERVE.



ALL THE MULTITUDES OF
HELL ARE PRESENT. YOUR
PARENTS ARE AMONG THEM!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS
FIND THEM!



TO MAKE IT EASIER
FOR YOU, I WILL ALLOW
THREE QUESTIONS,
WHICH I WILL ANSWER
YES OR NO, I WILL
NOT ANSWER FALSELY



THREE QUESTIONS
TO FIND YOUR
PARENTS AMONG
THESE BILLIONS.
IT CAN BE DONE...
IF YOU ASK THE
RIGHT
QUESTIONS.



AND IF
I FAIL, I
LOSE MY
SOUL.



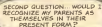
ALL RIGHT,
I'LL PLAY.



FIRST QUESTION...WILL
KNOWLEDGE I GAINED
BEFORE COMING HERE
HELP ME SOLVE THE
PROBLEM?



YES.



SECOND QUESTION... WOULD I
RECOGNIZE MY PARENTS AS
THEMSELVES IN THEIR
PRESENT FORM?



NO.



THIRD QUESTION... HAVE
I HAD PRIOR DEALINGS
WITH MY PARENTS IN THEIR
PRESENT FORM?



YES.



IT'S UP
FIND THEM
NOW!

AS YOU SAID,
EASILY DONE.



THIS IS
MY FATHER,
RIGHT OR
WRONG?

YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT. I'LL
RESTORE HIM,
FOR THE
MOMENT.



HE'S TEMPORARILY
PARALYZED. EXPECT NO
HELP FROM HIM. NOW
FOR YOUR MOTHER.

OF
COURSE.



THIS IS MY
MOTHER.
RIGHT OR
WRONG?

RIGHT AGAIN, YOU AMAZE ME. I'LL
RESTORE HER IMMEDIATELY. NOW... YOU
MUST TELL ME HOW YOU MANAGED
SUCH A FEAT OF GUESSTWORK.



THE PROCESS OF
ELIMINATION. NO
THREE QUESTIONS COULD
HAVE REMPLY SEPARATED
MY PARENTS FROM YOUR
HORDE OF DEMONS.

THEY WERE
MISDIRECTION.
THEREFORE I
ELIMINATED THEM.



THAT LEFT ONLY ~~US~~ FOUR.
MY QUESTIONS CONFIRMED
IT. I ELIMINATED ~~THEY~~ ON
PRINCIPLE. THE BEST IS
OBVIOUS. I'M NOT A
COMPLETE FOOL.

ON THE
CONTRARY,
YOU'VE DONE
QUITE WELL.



TAKE YOUR FATHER'S ARM! I'M RETURNING YOU BOTH. YOUR MOTHER STAYS WITH ME. WHENEVER YOU WANT HER, JUST CALL HER NAME, AND DON'T FORGET TO SPECIFY THE FORM YOU WISH HER TO TAKE! HA HA HA!

NOW BE GONE!



AND SO...

YESTERDAY I LEARNED YOUR MOTHER'S TRUE IDENTITY. I'D BEEN DELUDED BY MY HEART. SHE WAS A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH HER.



YES, BUT ONE OF HER JIMMIES FINALLY SET ME STRAIGHT. WHEN I FACED HER WITH THE TRUTH, SHE MOVED AGAINST ME OPENLY. DEMONS HATE TO BE THWARTED.



SHE CAUSED ME TO BE DEVOLVED INTO A PRIMITIVE ORDER OF PRIMATE. ALL I COULD REMEMBER WAS THAT I DESPISED HER... AND HER NAME.

THAT'S THE REASON YOU BIT HER, AND HOW YOU POUND THAT PAGE IN THE GEMMONE.



BUT THERE'S STILL ONE THING THAT BOTHERS ME.

I KNOW, YOUR DEMON BLOOD, YOUR MIXED HERITAGE.



I WOULDN'T WORRY... IT... GAVE YOU CONFIDENCE IN HELL, AND I'M SURE IT'LL HELP YOU ON EARTH.

I SUPPOSE SO, DAD, BUT IT'S FUNNY, EVER SINCE I LEARNED WHAT I AM...



ALL I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IS GOING INTO POLITICS.

ISN'T THAT THE STRANGEST THING?

end



TIME'S UP,
FIND THEM
NOW!

AS YOU SAID,
EASILY DONE.



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MY FATHER,
RIGHT OR
WRONG?

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ABSOLUTELY
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ISN'T THAT THE STRANGEST THING?

end

STAR WARS

**THE MOST EXCITING
NEW MODELS AVAILABLE**

NEW!

MILLENNIUM FALCON

THE MILLER HUNTER FALCON Her Solo's deadly twilight fighter is reproduced alive! The 12" wide, metal finished on 10 by 12" model has an illuminated detailed control room, realistic laser burns with full interior detail, illuminated cockpit windows, hinged entrance hatch and ramp, retractable landing gear, movable radar antenna and the sound of the engine. **MSRP \$14.95** (Suggested Retail Price)
(We authorize Solo's to sell this model exclusively. 2" scale. ©1987 Miller Toys, Inc. All rights reserved.)

IMPERIAL TROOP TRANSPORTER

[illegible]

**MILLENIUM
FALCON
OPEN-UP MODEL**

[illegible]STAR
WAR

ELECTRONIC GAME COMPUTER AND RADIO CONTROLLED SAND CRAWLER

NEW!

STAR WARS ELECTRONIC ACTION BATTLE COMPUTER

STAR WARS ELECTRONIC BATTLE COMMAND is an exciting new intergalactic strategy/combat game which allows you to simulate the *7700* action from Star Wars. From the simple to the complex, from one to three players, this new electronic game allows for any level of play! Bonus: Incredible insights, available at the moment of hyperspace jumps, will help you win! Moreover, being trapped in a black hole and having your Jawa unit crushed. Then, covered with the hidden wrinkles of hyperspace that can bounce you into either sectors of the universal Force fields of chaos, then they play against your mind. You can use a AA, a tank or a special character not included!

#20193 (last)

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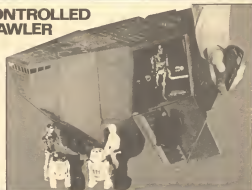
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PREVIEW

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law! That was why the whole world's
crazies decided to leave on laughing!

A BOY AND HIS THING
Ridley loved the salt air, the sea,
saw a girl and did Captain Howdy's
strange trick of deep sea creature!



KEEP KOOL
Herman was
the undis-
puted
genius of
the
human
race! He
wasn't
even
got a
little
nap!

ALIEN STRAIN
OM Doc Guiling had
peeled around inside
the bodies of more
Federation life
forms than he could
shake a sticklet at.
But Doc, like most the
unlabeled out of all

SISTERS
So different and yet
so much alike. No one
even thought that
they existed. But to
each other the other
was far too real. It
was more than a bad
dream, they filled
each others walking
hours. After all,
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